



THE RABBIT AND THE TURTLE



14 6 6

Chapter 1 by Mariana T

Once upon a time there was a rabbit and a turtle waiting for the day of the competition. Two days later the day had arrived and the rabbit was very excited the turtle doesn't care about it.

They tell START so the rabbit start running very but very fast but the turtle run super per slow so the rabbit has more advantage but in 5 minutes he get tired and he realised that the turtle will never get to him but it pases 20 minutes and the turtle was almost done with the competition.

Then the rabbit wake up and he know that the turtle was almost done but then he can't reach him.

And the miracle was...

That the TURTLE WON.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



But the story doesn't end there.

No.

A few weeks passed and the rabbit was fuming. I mean, really fuming. That goddamn turtle had really smoked him in the competition, and now he was the laughingstock of Gander Hollow. The rabbit would have to get even.

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Chapter 3 by intellikat



Five other animals entered the competition. Martin the Mouse (also from Gander Hollow), Dick and Steve, the twin crows from out of town, Cecil B. Snake (rabbit had no idea how he was going to fire a rifle or ski for that matter), and Scott the gay penguin who only visited Gander Mountain in the winter month to visit his mother.

Rabbit spent his training months bettering his skiing on an indoor trainer, and his marksmanship shooting empty tins of corn chowder from the ridge near his home. As the competition neared, he became fearfully accurate, and moved his training to Meadow Ridge itself. From the eastern side, he would have the sun to his back and a clear line of sight on turtle. That f@@@er.

The night before the competition arrived, and rabbit went down to have a drink with the other competitors at Three Bumps on a Log, the local pub. He bought a round for all, then settled in at the bar to drink his pint.

"Rabbit."

Rabbit turned, and there was turtle, standing near his barstool.

"Cheers for the drink. I hoped we could talk before tomorrow's event. It's been some time since the race and we haven't talked. I just wanted to say you're a great athlete. A true competitor. If it weren't for your narcolepsy, I'm sure you would have beaten me last year in the race. So... here's to you." He raised his glass.

Rabbit paused. "That's... very gracious of you, Turtle. But don't think I don't know."

Turtle frowned.

"I know that it was you who gave that interview to Fast Paws magazine. Where you bagged me out and said I was an arrogant jerk. I know you think you're going to win tomorrow. But I've taken my medication. I won't be falling asleep this time."

Rabbit drained his glass and bane.

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Turtle frowned.

"Believe what you will, mate. But talk is just that... talk." He finished his drink and got up. "Sleep well. I'll see you in the morning."

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